

That were his Lackies : I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word ; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmokie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Windmill farre,
Then feed on cates, and haue him talke to mee,
In any Summer-houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *Ind* : ſhall I tell you, Conſin,
Hee holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And cubs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſie his humor, faith hee does
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe ;
But doe not vſe it oft, let mee intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, blood,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you :
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Gouvernement,
Pride, haughtineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine ;
The leaſt of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behind a ſtaine
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchoold, Good-manners by your ſpeed.
Heere come our wines, and let vs take our leaues.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no *Engliſh*, I no *Welſh*.

Glen. My Daughter weepes, ſhee le not part with you,

Sheele

Sheele be a ſouldier too, ſhee le to

Mor. Good father, tell her, that
ſhall follow in your conduct ſpeedi

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh
him in the ſa

Glen. She is deſperate heere.
A peeviſh ſelfe-wil'd harlotry, one
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, t
Which thou powreſt downe from t
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhar
In ſuch a parley I anſwere thee.

The Lady again

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer bee a truant, loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy language, for
Makes *Welſh* as ſweete as ditties hig
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summe
With rauiſhing diſiſion to her lute

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will

The Lady ſpeakes ag

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe

Glen. She bids you on the wanton
And reſt your gentle head vpon her
And ſhee will ſing the ſong that plea
And on your eyelids crowne the go
Charming your blood with pleaſing
Making ſuch difference betwixt wa
As is the difference betwixt day and
The houre before the heavenly haru
Begins his golden progreſſe in the I

Mor. With all my heart ile ſit and
By that time will our Booke I think

Glen. Do ſo; and thoſe Muſicians
Hang in the ayre a thouſand League
And ſtraight they ſhal bee here, ſit a

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